"A FORD A DAY."

Special Additional Daily Prize for Contributions to This Page for Four Weeks. OPEN TO ALL READERS Name of Winner in Te-Night's Picterial Edition.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Regular CAPITAL PRIZES for the Best Stories of the Week to Be Distributed Among DAILY Prize Winners Other Than Those to Whom the Ford Care are Awarded: FIRST. \$100; BECOND, \$50; THIRD, \$25; FOURTH, \$10.

MANHATTAN

"WATCH THE DOOR!" Last night, on a Brighton line brain of the B. R. T., I saw a man pet aboard at 14th Street, curl himpet aboard at 14th Street, curl him-self comfortably in a seat and fall selecp. At every station the mega-phone in the car would blurt out annoyingly, "Watch your step," de. The rancous sound was particularly ennoying to this man, since it awak-ened him every few minutes. Sud-denly he fumped up, exclaiming: "Holy Moses, don't that darn thing ever shut up?" and picking up a newspaper, he stuffed it into the horn tightly. After that the oar was quiet and he slept without in-serruption.—Henry F. McCann, No. 21 Manhattan Avenue.

THE ABRIAL.

in the rear of a yard in 109th Street to-day I saw a small fire. The woman who lives in the third floor of the house placed a bucket of water on a clothes-line and pulled it out until it was directly over the fire. Then she shook the line, upsetting the water over the and extinguishing it.-Arthur Vanwoort, No. 169 East 115th Street.

WITHIN THE LAW.

Last night while passing the side noticed a car without a parking light; but this was remedied by an oil lamp placed on the pavement directly under the left rear fender.—Jeannette Etherleft rear fender.-Jeannette Ether-

ON BARBOW STREET.

My windows command a view of the backyards of a row of houses on Bar-row Street. To-day I saw in one of these yards a woman sewing on a dress, which she tried on occasionally; in another inclosure a woman was drying her long red hair, in a third a washing was hung out to dry, while in a family of the street. was hung out to dry, while in a fourth some men sat around a table, playing cards and drinking a beverage that sparkled in the sun.—Frances Fletcher, No. 14 St. Luke's Place.

A GARBEN OF DELIGHT.

Every day from my office window overlooking the First Presbyterian overlooking the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and 12th Street I watch children playing on the church lawn, while their mothers may sew, knit, &c., and be entirely free from worry that they might be run over. The lawn also is frequented by invalids, who come there in wheel chairs. A few more of these "private playersunds" more of these "private playgrounds" which read: "You can't get it here: try would save many children from being across the street." I glanced across the street." I glanced across the street." I glanced across the street and saw a drug store.—Richard A Zeitel jr., No. 74 Broadway.

"DOES ANY ONE WISH TO ASK A QUESTION?" Passing through Madison Square Park on my way to business at 7.30 o'clock in the morning, I saw a wild-eyed, black-maned, aggressive-looking individual who had everything but the soap box. He was sitting on one of the park benches and talking about "The Armies and Navies of the World." I think he wanted to draw a crowd, but while he attracted considerable attention, no one stopped. I stood back of him. His only audience was an open-mouthed bootblack, who stood listening as if deeply interested. After perhaps six minutes of harangue the crator paused for breath and immediately the "audience" broke in with a hopeful, "Shine, boss?"-Thomas A. Carroll, care Fleitmann & Co., No. 356 Fourth Avenue.



YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS. On the waterfront near Fulton Market yesterday during the lunch hour, I saw an old man take a magnifying glass from his pocket, hold it over the bow of his pipe about a minute, and then puff away at the well lighted tobacco. The shining sun had done the trick.— Frank Grady, No. 55 Wall Street.

THEY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED. This afternoon I saw a bellboy from near the 58th Street door what appeared to be a dollar bill. In reality it was an advertisement for a ball. Along came a aborer carrying a heavy plank on his houlder. He saw the bill. Down went the plank, up came the bill. Then he saw what it was. Down went the bill and up came the plank—and also out of the depths of his indignation u newspaper if published .- James O'Con nor, No. 153 East 32d Street.

"G. B. A." The man in charge of the mailing department in our office at No. 3 South William Street brought to my desk a let-ter addressed "Messrs. Blank, Grundlagt, 886, Copenhagen, Denmark." The write evidently had sought the Copenhagen evidently had sought the Copennagen little lady thrust her doll into her left street address on Messrs. Blank's letterhead and had selected "Grundlagt and wiggled her five fingers at the 1891" as his best bet. The words mean chap. He moved, and then one man "established 1884."—Andrew Jameson, in the car voiced the thoughts of us No. 506 West 170th Street.

HOW BROOKLYN GROWS. some of my friends asked me Did You See To-Day?" I an-

all when he said: "And I thought she was a perfect lady!"—R. B. William-son, No. 342 Madison Avenue. BY THE LIGHT OF TWO LANTERNS swelled first by offering each questioner a clear, then added: "I saw ten baby riding with my husband on East Ford-ingers and ten baby toes, a baby face— ham Road. I saw a watchman reading daddy's eyes and mother's nose—and a book by the light of two lanterns. heard my first son warble lustily, though Maybe he was studying for a better job a bit off tune. Mother and baby doing and his lanterns were Abraham Lincoln's micely, thank you."—Fred H. Ross. No. 245 Emerson Place, Brooklyn.

A PRISONER COMES TO THE WINDOW.

Just across the court, my kitchen window looks into a small room of the nearest apartment house, probably a servant's room. Frequently I see standing at the window a big, beautiful collie dog. He speaks. He makes me understand that he is one of the "apartment ouse prisoners of New York." In almost human language, he wonsers where his master can be. WHY is he shut within walls, he wants to know, when his soul longs to be out of doors? Why?-why?-when he would so love to run as far as he could in the fresh air, to feel the wonderful muscles of his body stretch and carry him to some unknown but delightful country? A fine fellow, this collie. He never howls. Just a series of low voiced "dog questions" and a few short and emshatic barks. He "says" he spends a miserable day in that little room whenever his master is away.-Elise Corbett, No. 620 W. 116th Street.

HUSBAND BRINGS STRANGE WOM-AN INTO HIS HOME.

Every night last week I saw a man trying to make the acquaintance of a pretty lady, but all his offorts were frustrated by two energetic females scho demanded his constant attention, while the pretty lady was silent and neglected. He would just get started on a sentence when he would be interrupted by one of the females. It happened in my own home. "The Pretty Lady" is a book by Arnold Bonnett which my hisband was trying to read while my sister and I enthused over "What Did Fou See!"—Mrs. Eliagath Witt. No. 510 West 1901h Street. both Witt, No. 510 West 140th Street,

"MY STYCK, WATSON, AND MY OVERCOAT!"

On the northwest corner of Lexing saw hanging on a building a sign read a pair of baby's white shoes, set ou evidently to dray.—John M. Bennett, No 425 E. 51st Street.

WEALTHY FOR ONE HOUR.

I saw a woman come into a Sixth Avenue store to-day and ask to see French models. She said she would French models. She said she would pay up to \$200. She spent an hour trying on models ranging in price from \$38.59 to \$295, and then, asking to see domestic models, finally purchased one of the latter for \$19.75. The salesgirl asked her why she looked at all the French models and the woman replied. "Well, I just wanted to find out what

AN EXACT DESCRIPTION.

While my wife and I were waiting fo an elevator in Lord & Taylor's this nor a young lady and a small child ap proached. The young mother asked the little boy what he would like to do having seen all the pretty toys, and he replied, pointing to the elevators: "I wanna go in the room that goes up an' down."—Ray L. Obrig, No. 7 East 48th Street.

sepp.

On Forest Avenue, Brooklyn, I saw : sign in the window of a beer saloon which read: "You can't get it here; try

DANDIES.

Avenue car, I sate a man in the

company's uniform get on, walk to

the forward end and engage the mo-

torman in conversation, then proffer

him a snuff-box. When the car was

stopped at 80th Street, the motor-

man took a pinch of muff and

eniffed it up his nostrile with the

skill of a Colonial. In my mind's eye I saw him clad in kniokerbock-ers and silver-buckled shoes. But he was just a materman in the year 1922.—I. Pettengill Tice, No. 25 West

SO YOUNG, SO FAIR, SO

EMAUTIPULI

little girl. She was in a rocking chair, mothering a doll, and she looked so sweet and cute that all of us fell in

go on. But he did not move quickly

enough and, running to the gate, our little lady thrust her doll into her left

104th Street.

To-day, while riding on a Tenth

one shoulder a sling was draped to the opposite hip, and in the sling her blackyed, dark-skinned baby girl was con-entedly sucking her thumb. From the nother's other shoulder depended a huge bag, in which she carried the articles she purchased. — Mrs. J. Michael, Ninth Street, Jamaica Park.

Two Greeks came to my door to-day, offering to sell tablecloths at \$75 each, and gradually reducing the price to \$15. The goods were too dear even at that, but I bought several small pieces, and since have felt that I was stung, for I can buy the same goods at less price in the department stores. The Greeks certainly are good salesmen.—Mrs. L. Mc-tainly are good salesmen.—Mrs. L

A girl in the seat ahead of me started to leave the Long Island Rallroad train at Nostrand Avenue when a trailing panel on one side of her dress cought in the arm of the seat. As she bent to disengage it the man in the seat also bent over for the same purpose. also bent over for the same purpose and their heads came together with resounding whack. The girl straight-med up in confusion, and just at that moment a stout woman charged down moment a stout woman charged down the aisle, ran between the girl and the seat, and rip. the panel was free both from the dress and the seat.—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Brown, No. 2010 Pleasun' St., Queens Village, L. I.

RICHMOND

"WHO'S AFRAID!" My seventeen-year-old brother and We were delayed for several minutes on the street car as it crossed Park Avenue at Fourth Street, Weehawken, and we could see sitting in a yard a his boy chum were seated in my father's car, declaring they didn't believe in ghosts, when my husband, who was with us on the porch, quietly left us, draped himself in a sheet and went among some nearby bushes. There h among some nearpy busnes. There he groaned to attract attention, then swayed. In an instant those boys were making for the house, crying "Ghoats! ghosts!"—Mrs. Charles Baetz, No. 55 love with her. A little boy came along outside the fence and peered through the gate. She got up and told him to Palmer Avenue, Port Ricrmond, S. I.

AFFLICTION. There were two aged women and their brother living in the house across the way. Last week one of the women died, and I saw the hearse as it took her away. The same night the brother was taken to the Staten Island Hospital where he has kince died. The surviving slater has not left the house since last

ON THE ROCKS.

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPELLINGS REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekl One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

TELL YOUR STORY, IF POSSIBLE, IN NOT MORE THAN 125 WORDS STATE WHERE THE THING WRITTEN ABOUT TOOK PLACE. WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS CAREFULLY AND IN FULL. CHECKS MAILED DAILY. For the best stories each day: SPECIAL PRIZE, A FORD CAR A DAY FOR FOUR WEEKS; FIRST CASH PRIZE, \$25; SECOND CASH PRIZE, \$10; THIRD CASH PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES of \$2 each for next best stories

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

> QUEENS PRETTY FLOWERS.

I saw in an "L" train here in Astoria how much the love of flowers may mean in the daily life of a poor city worker. The car was crowded. At the Broadway station a comely and becomingly dressed girl came on. She carried a big bouquet. She stood before a young man who was deeply interested in his morning newspaper. Pretty soon the young gentleman sneezed. Then he sneezed again. Then he sneezed several times in a row. Just to see him was to be sorry for him. He had handkerchiefs in every pocket. After one paroxysm his eyes rested upon the pretty flowers. He jumped up out of his seat and forced his way toward the door. The comely lassie sat down. The flowers were goldenrod. His trouble, as perhaps you have guessed, is hay fever .-- Mrs. J. A. Brust, No. 576 Seventh Avenue, Astoria, L. I.

ARMISTICE.

Going uptown yesterday afternoon on a Lexington Avenue express, my attention was caught by the pretty, laughing baby dancing at the knees of a young mother who poked her nose a little bit higher every time she glanced at some one on my side of the car. This some one was another woman, with a baby of about the same age. The children appeared to be attracted to one another. * * * Leaving the train at, 110th Street, one of the young mothers left a parcel behind her. The other one picked it up and, with her baby on one arm, chased after her. I overheard just a little of their conversation. "Let's cut out the scrapping," said one, "sure it's no way for sisters to be"----P. W. Dowd, No. 113 Pearsall Street, Long Island City.



THE OLD RELIABLES.

shop this morning spent a long time

inquiring the prices of chicken and

various kinds of meat. Finally she

said "I fust don't know what to cook

for my hubby; let me have a pound

of frankfurters."-Mrs. Elizabeth

Dort, No. 19455 127th Street, Glen

tacked up many signs recommending a soft drink. He had driven a consider-

able distance without noting that a

large box of tacks had overturned, spilling the tacks on the road as he drove

along. I saw one driver take thirty tacks out of his four tires.—Mrs. Kal-

Morris, L. I.

point, Long Island

woman in a Gien Morris butcher

THE GYPSY'S CHILD.

On Fulton Street, Brooklyn, to-day I aw a gypsy mother shopping. From me shoulder a sling was draped to the

STUNG.

LONG SKIRTS.

slater has not left the house since last winter, when she was almost killed in an automobile accident near her home. —Mrs. H. W. Harkness, No. 250 Fill-more Street, New Brighton, S. I.

LOST-A BABY.

I saw my neighbor's wife weeping over her little boy, who was laughing in gies. She had sent him to the barber shop to have his pretty curis trimmed so he would look nice when he had his pleture taken. But the barber, instead of just trimming, had cut all those curls off and the mother's heart was nearly broken. As for the boy, he was delighted. "I told that barber how I wanted it done," he said.—Mrs. H. W. Harkness, No. 250 Fillmore Street, New Brighton, S. I.

I saw a large vessel come up the Kil van Kull and make a turn as if going to the Standard Oil Company's dock but suddenly she stopped dead while two tugs steamed up to give her assist-ance. They found she had broken in two on the rocks.—Fred Eggert, No. 212 BRONX

WITHOUT A WINK IN IT.

I was dispensing soda water at one of the --- emporiums on 42d Street. A sailor came in and ordered ginger ale. The playful boy who waited on him had been to a party the night before, and having a little private stock on his hip, for personal use only, thought it a good joke to throw a dash of the old stuff into the ginger ale. The gob drank it, smacked his lips, looked inquiringly at the server, whose face was a mask, and walked out. . . The next night the same sallor came in with three pals. They ordered ginger ales. They drank them. The three new customers looked at their guide in a disgusted way and the party walked out grumbling .- George Chace, No. 2100 Mapes Avenue, Bronx.



"KIDS" NO LONGER.

Sunday morning, in front of my house here were five of my neighbors' boys

who for the first time were arrayed in long trousers. They compared the col-ors and quality of the goods, counted to see who had the most buttons and com-

mented on the various fits. They all appeared happy that they were out-wardly evidencing their swift progress toward manhood.—Peter Schuman, No.

BEFORE IT WAS RIPE.

I found a real sure 'nuff pearl in ar

to remain in the oyster at least two years longer to be worth anything.—

PERHAPS HIS BODY IS STILL.

We live on the fifth floor, and this fernoon when the dumbwaiter deliv-

red a sackful of potatoes a large one

809 Trinity Avenue, Bronx.

FATHER TIME.

Sunday I slept until \$ P. M., having been up late at a ball the night before, and then I hustled like Sam Hill to get to my work downtown at 6 o'clock. When I got there one of the day shift told me I was two hours early. My father, in setting the clock Enturday night—the last Daylight Saving time-had put it ahead an hour instead of back an hour .- Geo. Arnold, No. 2348 Gleason Avenue, Bronz.

Entering The World's composing roesterday as a substitute composito saw what to me was a new world in no printing business. I was amazed t the vastness of it. Rows on rows Edward A. Krims, No. 1138 Vyse Avef linotypes were in operation, their din nue, Bronx. overtopping all other sounds. But even nore than the vastness of the establishment, to my trained eye, was the perfect organization of it, each man in the right place, and all working in perfect right place, and all working in perfect (ell down the shaft and hit the delivery accord to complete the great task of boy in the head. He did not utter a making the paper within the time pre-scribed.—Adolph Richmond, No. 2137

sound, and although mother called down several times to learn if he were hurt she could get no answer. We're still A friend of my son's rang my door-bell to tell me he would return later to and against an automobile that standing at the curb and I understood him to ask that I watch it until he re saw a man enter the car I shouted "Hey, get out of that car!" But he wasn't stealing it, for it was his own car.—Mrs. Frank Kalkhof, No. 1373 backer, No. 222 Front Street, Green- Washington Avenue, Bronx.

LOST IN ELMHURST.

A nervous looking man alighted with me last evening from a Queens Boulevard car and I asked him if I could deanything for him. "I doubt it." he replied. "You see, my wife moved out lare somewhere from the city to-day and I've lost the slip of paper with the didress. Guess I'll have to beat it back to the city and consult the van people to find out where I live."—A. Koch, No. 64 Carter Street, Elmhurst, L. I.

COMING BACK.

I noticed to-day from a display of clothing in a store on Broadway and 32d Street that the "new" bell-bottom tronsers which men are sporting now-adays were worn way back in 1842—eighty years ago. The display shows the styles for the past century. As we have to hark back eighty years for one style, it wouldn't be surprising if we soon add another score of years and appear in the slik knickers worn a century ago.—Harry Mendlowitz, No. 734 East 180th Street, Bronx.

OUT OF TOWN. BRONX. I saw three Hone added to the

Brone Park collection. A vigorous young Hon and his mate leaped from their transport boxes into the large exhibition case anarling, nervous, but unafraid. The Hon surveyed the crowd defiantly and then lay down in the centre of the cage. The Honess, a-tremor with apprehension, kept to her feet. With caresees and rubs she urged her mate to his feet s dozen times, and then finally both settled themselves. The third-a huge, majestic Hon-had just lost his mate. Heat had claimed her on a Brooklyn dock. He did not leap from his transport box. He crep out and slunk to a corner of the cage, grief-stricken. Only a portion of his massive head could be seen. There was a distinct note of grief in his low, plaintive growl. He wanted only to be let alone.—Henry Suther-land, No. 16 Oakwood Avenue, White

PAINT AND POWDER. An aged man, much perturbed, aske-ne during the noon hour to-day is

the little park at 11th Avenue and 23d Street whether his eyes deceived him or some young men in the park really were dressed in pink and red. I explained that they worked in a nearby face-powder factory and that milady's favorite flesh tints had colored their

AND WAS "OLD SUNNY BROOK" GOOD, FATHER?

Who said there were no snakes in whiskey? While cleaning out a cedar chest, I found a magnifying glass whose discovered her little daughter had handle, bottle-formed, was designed to ed it there.—M. C. F., Brooklyn. Inside the bottle I found several dead worms and one live one .- K. V. R., No. 93 Third Avenue, Hawthorne, N. J.

HE WAS WITH THE LOSER. saw a local minor politician carrying a neat package. As he walked he carefully tore off some of the brown paper wrapping and, teating it into small pleces, threw it away. Then when he pleces, threw it away. Then when he came to a garbage can at the curb he tossed the package into it, looked about furtively and quickly walked away. When he was out of sight I opened the package and found it contained a number of pamphlets lauding Senator Freiinghuysen for the Republican renomination at the primaries Tuesday.—B. B. Bobbitt, No. 42 North Bath Avenue, Long Branch, N. J. OUT OF TOWN

PLUCKY GIRLS FROM OLD ENGLAND.

To-day I saws the champion women' team of Newcastle, England, play the of having a little garden in the back Paterson Football Club at Olympic Park. They played well, although completely at a disadvantage, and were pletely at a disadvantage, and were child saves with the part of the back part of the same of the sam beaten. When they left the field, I heard one shout: "Don't be down-hearted, girls, we've beat many a mon already." And another replied: "Yes, and we'll send our brothers over next year."—H. Levin, No. 54 Geneses Ave-nue, Paterson, N. J.

THEY CAN'T TELL HIM HIS

In West 33d Street to-day I saw a low hand-truck on which were loaded two cylindrical packages, each about 6 feet high, standing on end. The man in charge leaned against one of them whistling merrily and on a level with his eyes was the stencilled warning. "Fragile—Lay Flat—Do Not Stand Up."—Helen L. Jones, No. 61 Church Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

FATHER PROMISES TO MAIL A LETTER.

While taking up tickets to-night in the Grand Central Terminal for train No. 59, a well dressed, elderly man asked where he could find a mail box. showed him. He held an envelope in asked where he could find a mail box, is showed him. He held an envelope in ither hand. He dropped one in the mail box. In a few minutes he came together with a bump against the glass. The man exclaimed angrily: "You fool, why don't you look where back holding a newspaper in one hand and an addressed, stamped envelope in the other. He offered me the letters and I again told him where the mail box was. A horrified expression came the other. He offered me the letter and I again told him where the mail box was. A horrified expression came into his face. "Good beavens!" he gasped. "I've malled my tickets!" We nurriedly told the mall bex guard, who got out the envelope containing the lekets and the old man rushed for his train, still holding the addressed and stamped envelope in his hand.—E. D. Browne, No. 118 Nassau Place, Peckskill, N. Y. MARY MIX-UP'S BIG BROTHER.

This evening as I was talking to a got the Western Union office and sent this message to a friend in Pennsylvania: "Return unopened letter mailed to-day. Wrong inclosure." Then he ex-plained to me that he had also written to a young woman and had got the let-ters in wrong envelopes.—Samuel L. Bradshaw, No. 13 East Grove Street, Bogota, N. J.

LOOKING UP AT BILL. Turning from Broadway into Wall Street recently, I noticed every one ant last evening. But when I took it o a jeweler this morning, I was dis-lusioned as to its value—besides being out the appraisal fee. The jeweler in-formed me the pearl would have had hogging the walls of the buildings. Immediately thinking of bombs, I looked up and saw Willie Smith painting the flagpole protruding from the nineteenth floor of the Bankers Trust Building. Most of the gazers were figuring upon what an awful spiash Willie would make if he let go his hold.-K. M. Hoegger.

> No. 28 South Street, Jersey City, N. J. START CAR.

While driving from Beachwood, N. J. o Trenton I came across a method of directing traffic which was brand new to me. The road between Bordentown and White Horse is under construction scribed.—Adolph Richmond, No. 2137
Vyse Avenue, Bronx.

STBANGER TAKES THE MOTOR CAR
A friend of my son's rang my door
A friend of my son's rang my doorcoming for a while, hangs a sign on the come through. The sign reads: "Last IN NEW APARTMENTS IN THE Car." He hung one on my radiator to-day and immediately a line of cars were I came.-Gilbert Elere, Beachwood, N. J.

THIS WILL MAKE MANY A LAB HOMESICK AND HUNGRY. To-day in my cellar I saw the result of of having a little garden in the back

jars containing string beans, tomatoes, chili sauce, pickles, jelly, jam and mince meat, while on the floor stood a 5-gallon keg of elderberry wine. And these are just left-overs after we had plenty of things for the table.—Mrs. D. Mullen, No. 34 Midland Avenue, Dunwoodle, Yonkers.

HEAD-ON.

showed in the mirror, in which it appeared that another man was walking toward the same table. The man svi-dently was near-sighted because when he got about four feet from his re-flection he stepped aside. Of course, his other self stepped aside also and both restaurateur chalked up one customer "gone but not forgotten."—Peter A. Billott, No. 396 West Front Street, & Plainfield, N. J.

SHE CRIED.

In our house the front room on the ground floor is occupied by a veteri-narian. To-day a big closed car drove up to the door and a richty dreased woman alighted, carrying a basket, and went in to see the "Doc." In a few minutes she came but crying and drove away. The "Doo" told me she had left her cat for an operation.—Jay Kern, No. 78 North Avenue, New Rochelle, N. F.

TOAST BEEF SANDWICH WITH oxion.

In Columbia Amusement Park at Union Hill I saw a man get a sandwich at the stand where beef is roasted at a revolving spit. First he took an onion from his pocket. He peeled it, sprinkled sait over it and took a big bite. Thea he took a bite at his sandwich, keeping this up until both onion and sandwich were no more. And it made me so hungry watching him that I had to get a sandwich for myself.—Emelio Schmidt, vo. 134 Congress Street, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

JANE GOES TO THE TELEPHONE. I saw my niece, who is not yet two years of age, take the telephone from the table to-day and holding theoreceiver to her ear, say: "Hello, hello, my Daddy, Tum home. Take Jane bye-bye in aumo—see moo cows!"—Mrs. S. C. Sherwood, Fairinwn, Rye, N. Y.

NYACK BOASTS OF ITS TELES PHONE SERVICE.

This morning I opened the operator's room door of the New York Telephone Company Building at No. 99 Main Street, and inside I saw a pleasant while they worked rapidly and steadily to give service to an insistent public.—Mac Lynch, No. 16 Remeen Street, Nyack, N. Y.

BROOKLYN

HOW TO GET THE VERY HUSBAND YOU DREAM OF.

This morning a young lady of about eighteen came into my jewelry store and asked to see a wedding ring. I took out a tray of rings and asked her what style she wanted and also her finger size. "Oh," she said, smilingly, "I don't care about style particularly, and the size is of no importance. You see, I'm not going to wear the ring at all; I just wanted it to look at." By degrees I got the rest of the story. Some old woman had told her that if she would look at a wedding ring for five minutes every night, just before retiring, she would soon be married to exactly the kind of man she was dreaming of. "Of course," she added, "I don't believe a word of it, but it won't hurt me any to try." Well, I sold her a wedding ring, but I doubt very much that she will get a husband merely by looking at it.—Harry Horowitz, No. 1370 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn,



THE "SIGN" IN THE WINDOW. I was walking through my neighborreally were dressed in pink and red. I was walking through my neighbor-explained that they worked in a nearby hood in search of a seamstress. In 73d face-powder factory and that milady's Street I saw pasted in a window a past favorite flesh tints had colored their from a fashion magazine, and, knowing working clothes. "Thank God, I wasn't seeing things," said the old man.—Ed showing what business they're in rather Forrester, No. 3282 Boulevard, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

The woman told me haughtily also was not a seamstress and that she could not not a seamstress and that she could not imagine what made me think so. I explained about the fashion page in the window. She looked as if she suspected I was crazy, but upon investigation she discovered her little daughter had past-

"AIN'T WE GOT PUND Just after school yesterday many

children were coasting on roller skates down the Middagh Street hill. One wee girl had no skates of her own and her feet were too small for borrowed skates. But did she lose the joy of coasting? she did not. She straddled the right sne did not. She straddled the right leg of her larger sister, sitting backward on the shoe and twining her chubby arms about the leg. A push started the pair down the hill and the small passenger chortled with glee as they went whizzing along.—Richard W. Griswold, No. 74 Columbia Heights, freeklyn. Brooklyn.

PAY NO MONEY! SEND NO MONEY!

There is no charge of any kind for taking part in The Evening World's "What Did You See To-day?" competition. Send no money with your letters. Pay no money to any one under any circumstances. PERSONAL calls are made on Ford winners ONLY. If your contribution is adjudged worthy of the automobile the reporter who calls upon you will carry Evening World credentials. Ask to see them. In case of doubt, telephone to the City Editor of The Evening World.

Every effort is made to print the more meritorious contributions. Write on matters likely to be of general interest. "Locate" the incident. Tell WHERE the thing happened. And "keep on

"A FORD A DAY" GIVEN AWAY FREE FOR FOUR WEEKS --- SPECIAL PRIZE

Yesterday's Special Prizes

Ford Car MRS. MARY HUTHWAITE, No. 989 Madison Street, Brooklyn.

(Winners of Ford Prize please report immediately to City Editor, Evening World, for identification.)

First Cash Prize, \$25

Second Cash Prize, \$10

FRANK WATKINS, No. 79 Washington Avenue, Arlington, N. J.

Third Cash Prize, \$5

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each

LICHTENBERGER, No. 58 Halsey Street, Astoria, L. I.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, No. 598 Central Avenue, Brooklyn

MRS. B. SHOOKHOFF, No. 1722 East 17th Street, Brooklyn. EDWIN R. CORSON, No. 444 Clove Road, West New

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think best.

Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial

HENRY R. KELLY, No. 438 West 124th Street.

BLANCHE SANDMAN, No. 565 West 1626 Street.

ANNETTE H. FREEMAN, No. 565 Fifth Avenue

. McGARIGLE, No. 488 85th Street, Brooklyn.

W. GIMLER, No. 822 Quincy Street, Brooklyn

Brighton, S. I.

ABE SILVERSTEIN, No. 1472 Seabury Place, Bronx. JOHN BREWER, No. 41 Reid Avenue, Port Washington, L. I.

MRS. R. FRANK, No. 102 Rutledge Street, Brooklyn